

Like a hundred guard dogs in a howling wind,
A thousand canaries at a caved-in mine,
Or a million fish on a cresting wave,
What good's a warning when you are stuck?
If you have a head, cover it.
Let go of the little ones.
Within your grasp is no place to be.
You, remember-
You are stuck,
Caught,
Lodged,
Pinned.
And the coming fire can't be stopped.
So be of use,
And burn.